

SLIMER!

"Beach Blanket Bruiser"

#166023A

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DIC ENTERPRISES, INC.

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FADE IN:

EXT. FIREHOUSE - DAY

BUD pulls up in his 1948 Ford Woodie, two surfboards protruding from back. He HONKS his horn (the old "shave and a haircut" melody.)

BUD  
(CALLS)  
Yo, Slimer! Let's beat feet, buddy!

ON FIREHOUSE DOOR

It SLAMS open, revealing: SLIMER, dressed in Hawaiian baggies, visor hat and sunglasses with attached neck cord. he carries a beach umbrella, rubber raft, face mask and snorkel, fins and a full picnic basket.

SLIMER  
Hi, Bud! Can we bring...

FRED appears in doorway behind him, also wearing a visor and baggies. He "smiles" brightly.

SLIMER (CONT)  
...Fred?

ON BUD

He shakes his head.

BUD  
Oh, bummer, dude! No dogs allowed on the beach. Sorry, guys!

ON FRED AND SLIMER

Fred droops, but Slimer brightens and WHISPERS in Fred's ear. Fred nods in conspiratorial agreement.

SLIMER  
(Indecipherable WHISPERING)

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY

Bud and Slimer pull up in the Woodie.

BUD  
Here we go, Slimer! Surf's up!

Bud jumps out, unloads his surfboard. While --

SLIMER

unloads the picnic basket from back seat. He lifts one side of the basket and leans close.

SLIMER  
(WHISPERS)  
You okay, Fred?

Suddenly, Fred's tail emerges, tickling Slimer's nose. Fred's head emerges from the other end, looks around and nods.

SLIMER (CONT)  
(suppressed GIGGLE)

BUD (VO)  
I'm gonna shoot me some tubes, dude!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer quickly SLAMS both lids down, BONKING Fred's head and trapping his tail, as Bud trots THROUGH SHOT, surfboard tucked under his arm.

FRED (VO)  
(muffled "OUCH")

SLIMER  
(waves)  
Hang ten, Bud!

Slimer turns back to basket and sees Fred's trapped tail and quickly opens that side. The tail disappears inside.

SLIMER (CONT)  
Sorry, Fred!

FRED (VO)  
(little BARK)

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE BEACH - LIFEGUARD "SHACK"

A simple hut atop a single-pole pedestal with a ramp descending to the sand. At the top of the ramp, sitting in matched canvas chairs are: LIFEGUARD WRETCHED, a big, muscular WOMAN whose expression is reminiscent of someone heavily into lemon sucking; and BRUISER, who has a bad attitude, sunglasses, zinc oxide on his nose and a whistle around his neck. They both have

megaphones. Wretched checks the beach through her binoculars. Bruiser leans forward in his chair as he sees something o.s.

WIDER - TO INCLUDE SLIMER

He floats past the lifeguard shack, carrying all his junk, including the basket. Bruiser glares at him. Slimer waves.

SLIMER  
Hi, Mr. Lifeguard!

ON SLIMER

As he FLOATS AWAY FROM CAMERA, we see Fred's tail sticking out the back of the picnic basket, wagging happily.

ON WRETCHED

She continues to peruse the beach through her binoculars.

WRETCHED'S POV - "BINOCULAR VISION"

She scans past Slimer, then quickly snaps back to him, zooming in on the picnic basket and...Fred's wagging tail.

WRETCHED (VO)  
What the...???

TWOSHOT - WRETCHED AND BRUISER

Wretched BLOWS her whistle deafeningly, vibrating Bruiser's head like a tuning fork. Then she YELLS, blowing Bruiser right through the canvas back on his chair and onto his butt.

WRETCHED (CONT)  
(YELLS as she points o.s.)  
Bruiser! Get that dog off the beach!!!

ON BRUISER

He picks himself up, straightens his sunglasses, sets his jaw and runs down the ramp, STRAIGHT INTO CAMERA.

EXT. NEAR THE WATER

Slimer opens his umbrella with a POP. He sticks it in the sand, but gets caught inside the fabric and it SNAPS shut, strapping him inside.

SLIMER  
(muffled GRUNTS)

WIDER

Bruiser stomps INTO SHOT, carrying his megaphone. He opens one-half of the double lid on the picnic basket, points his megaphone into it and...

BRUISER  
(major BARK)

The BARK shoots Fred straight up out of the basket, his eyes the size of frisbees, while Slimer simultaneously shoots skyward, still trapped inside the umbrella.

FRED & SLIMER  
(AD-LIB YELLS and BARKS)

ON UMBRELLA - FOLLOWING

The umbrella slows its ascent, then starts to fall. It suddenly POPS open and starts to float down with Slimer hanging onto the handle. Fred falls INTO SHOT and Slimer, stretching out one arm, grabs him and they both ride the umbrella to a soft landing next to the glaring Bruiser. He GROWLS and points o.s.

BRUISER  
(GROWLS)

Slimer and Fred follow his point.

ON SIGN

A silhouette of a dog crossed by international "NO" symbol.

FAVORING BRUISER - TO INCLUDE SLIMER AND FRED

Bruiser points fiercely in an "Off the Beach" gesture.

BRUISER (CONT)  
(more GROWLS)

Smiling nervously, Slimer and Fred ZIP around, gathering everything up in an instant. Bruiser starts BLOWING A RAPID CADENCE OF SHORT CHIRPS on his WHISTLE, the wind blast blowing Slimer and Fred forward in short little hops.

SLIMER  
(through above)  
We're going! We're going!

ON BRUISER

As he leans back and gives one mighty BLAST of his WHISTLE, that sends Slimer and Fred flying OUT OF SHOT.

WIDE

Fred and Slimer fly through the air, heading directly for Bud's Woodie.

FRED & SLIMER  
(AD-LIB YELLS and HOWLS)

ANGLE FROM INSIDE WOODIE - LOOKING OUT WINDSHIELD

Slimer and Fred fly straight INTO CAMERA and THUD upside down on the windshield, sticking there like Garfield suction-cup dolls.

WIPE TO:

EXT. LIFEGUARD SHACK

Bruiser and Wretched watch as a tall, strange-looking beachgoer (Slimer on Fred's shoulders) waddles past, holding a double-scoop ice cream cone in one hand, the picnic basket in the other.

ON SLIMER & FRED

Slimer is disguised in a big, wide-brimmed hat and a long, colorful Hawaiian shirt. CAMERA FOLLOWS as he passes and in REAR VIEW we see a pair of furry legs sticking out of his baggies.

ON SLIMER & FRED - LIFEGUARD SHACK VISIBLE IN B.G.

Slimer takes a big lick of the ice cream, then lowers the cone to "waist" level. Fred's head appears through the front of the shirt, takes a couple of licks, then disappears back inside.

ON WRETCHED AND BRUISER

She stares suspiciously after Slimer, then picks up her binoculars.

HER POV

We see the "dog" tracks in the sand, then Fred's furry legs.

ON WRETCHED AND BRUISER

She BLOWS her WHISTLE in Bruiser's face, blowing his fur straight back and the zinc oxide off his nose and onto his sunglasses.

WRETCHED  
(points o.s.)  
I told you to get that dog off  
the beach!!!

Bruiser follows her pointing finger, GROWLS, salutes Wretched and hauls ass down ramp.

BRUISER  
(GROWLS)

WIPE TO:

EXT. NEAR THE WATER

Slimer moves AWAY FROM CAMERA. As his "lower half" comes into view, we see Fred's baggies have slipped down, dragging in the sand, exposing his butt.

CLOSE ON FRED'S BOTTOM

Bruiser's foot comes INTO SHOT and steps on the baggies.

WIDER

Bruiser grins wickedly as Slimer continues on, exposing Fred, who "walks in place." Baffled, Fred looks back at the foot on his baggies, then up at Bruiser.

LOW ANGLE POV ON BRUISER

BRUISER  
(smug CHORTLES)

ON SLIMER

As he floats along, he takes a lick of the cone, then holds it down near his shirt.

SLIMER  
More ice cream, Fred.

Looking down, he notices his "lower half" is missing.

SLIMER (CONT)  
Fred?

He stops and looks behind him, worried.

HIS POV

Bruiser is holding Fred up by the scruff of the neck.

SLIMER (CONT) (VO)  
Uh-oh!!!

ON SLIMER - FOLLOWING

He grabs a watermelon from his picnic basket and ZIPS off, leaving his shirt hanging in mid-air, then ZOOMS directly toward Fred and Bruiser at top speed.

## ON FRED AND BRUISER

Bruiser tosses Fred into the air and cocks one foot back to "drop kick" him, when Slimer ZOOMS INTO SHOT, grabs Fred, replaces him with the watermelon and ZOOMS O.S. Bruiser kicks the watermelon, sending it spiraling upward OUT OF SHOT, then grabs his foot and hops around in pain.

BRUISER  
(impact YELL, then WHINES as he hops about)

## EXT. LIFEGUARD SHACK

Wretched scowls, whistle clenched in her teeth as she watches Bruiser through her binoculars. Suddenly, we hear a DESCENDING WHISTLE. Wretched looks up just as the watermelon FALLS INTO SHOT and lands on her head. The melon shell is wrapped around her neck and lower half of her face so only her angry eyes are visible. She BLOWS WHISTLE, shattering the watermelon shell. Instantly, Bruiser ZIPS INTO SHOT and salutes.

## CLOSE ON WRETCHED AND BRUISER

She leans in nose to nose with him. Her voice blows his face back, contorting it like a pilot pulling six g's.

WRETCHED  
(YELLS)  
You flea-brain! Get that dog off  
the beach...

## WIDER

She grabs his nose and pulls it straight back, stretching it OUT OF FRAME like a rubber band.

WRETCHED (CONT)  
...or you're FIRED!!! Understand?

Bruiser nods and salutes. Wretched releases his nose and CAMERA FOLLOWS as he flies over the horizon.

WIPE TO:

## EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

An unusually lumpy beach towel slithers a short distance, stops, then slithers again. One end lifts up and we see Slimer and Fred peek out. They pull back in and start to slither forward, when...

BUD (VO)  
Hey!!!



CLOSER ANGLE

Slimer and Fred, still under the towel, jump straight up into the air and take off in opposite directions, stretching the towel until it snaps them back. They collide, then collapse in a heap as Bud walks INTO SHOT.

BUD (CONT)  
Yo, Slimer! Yo, Fred!

Slimer and Fred peek out from under the towel, then smile in relief.

SLIMER  
Hi, Bud!

FAVORING BUD - TO INCLUDE SLIMER

BUD  
So, how did Fred get here?

SLIMER  
I snuck him in the basket.

BUD  
Then, there's only one thing to do.  
Get Fred off the beach!

ON SLIMER AND FRED

Their smiles fade.

SLIMER  
(nods)  
Guess you're right, Bud.

Slimer and Fred start toward parking lot.

BUD (VO)  
Whoa! Not that way!

They turn, hopeful.

ON BUD - OCEAN BEHIND

BUD (CONT)  
(points to ocean)  
That way! We're goin' surfin"!

Slimer and Fred ENTER SHOT. Slimer is ecstatic, Fred is nervous.

SLIMER  
Surfin'! Oh boyyy!

FRED  
(fearful SQUEAL)

WIPE TO:

EXT. THE OCEAN

Riding the waves, Slimer and Fred are on one board (Slimer in front, Fred behind), moving parallel to Bud on another board. Fred wears inflatable ring around his waist and looks terrified.

SLIMER  
Fun, huh, Fred?

Fred shakes his head "no."

ON THE BEACH

Bruiser cruises along on a four-wheeled ATV

SLIMER & BUD (VO)  
All right!! Yeaahh!!

Bruiser SKIDS to a stop and snaps a look toward the water.

BRUISER'S POV

Of Slimer, Fred and Bud riding a wave.

BACK TO BRUISER

His eyes narrow, then he smiles craftily as we --

WIPE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DEEPER WATER

Slimer, Fred and Bud paddle their boards toward another building wave. Suddenly, behind them, a large shark fin swims INTO SHOT from OUT OF CAMERA, closing fast.

ON FRED

He looks around, spots the approaching fin and his eyes nearly pop out of his head.

FAVORING SLIMER - TO INCLUDE FRED

As Fred taps Slimer's shoulder, then points behind them. Slimer looks, does a double take, then...

SLIMER  
(YELLS)  
Shhhaaaarrrrkkkk!!!!

## WIDER ANGLE

Bud, Slimer and Fred frantically paddle their boards toward shore, moving so fast, they send up "rooster tails" of spray. As they EXIT SHOT, the shark fin rises out of the the water revealing Bruiser, equipped with face mask, scuba tank, and a fake fin strapped to his back.

## ON BRUISER

He looks after them and LAUGHS as a gigantic SHARK swims up behind him. The Shark taps Bruiser on the shoulder. Bruiser turns, and for a second, he points after Slimer and friends, sharing his little joke with the Shark.

BRUISER  
(LAUGHS as he mimicks Slimer  
and Bud paddling their boards)

The Shark opens his massive jaws and inhales Bruiser -- whole.

BRUISER (CONT) (VO)  
(LAUGHTER in echo, then  
terrified WHINE)

## NEW ANGLE

Suddenly, the Shark's jaws start to open, pried apart from inside. Bruiser comes into view, straining to hold the jaws open with his "hands and feet." The Shark struggles to close his jaws, but Bruiser gives one huge push...

BRUISER (CONT)  
(straining GRUNTS)

...and bolts out of the Shark's mouth, actually running for his life across the surface of the water. As he heads straight for shore, he looks back over his shoulder in terror.

BRUISER (CONT)  
(YELLS as he goes)

## ON BRUISER - FOLLOWING

He crosses the shoreline, still looking back, and plows a furrow through the sand right up to the lifeguard shack, where he SLAMS into the single support pole.

## WIDER

His momentum bends the pole and the shack way back. Then the shack "SPROINGS" upright again, flinging Wretched straight up in the air. She completes a perfect arc and lands head-first in the sand.

WRETCHED  
 (YELLS as she goes, then GRUNTS  
 as she lands)

ON WRETCHED

Only her lower legs and feet are visible, protruding from sand. CAMERA SHAKES as she BLOWS her WHISTLE underground. Bruiser ZIPS INTO SHOT, nervously stands at attention and salutes her feet. One of Wretched's arms thrusts up out of the sand, grabs Bruiser's arm and yanks him, head-first into sand, so that only his legs stick out, too. A SEAGULL flies INTO SHOT and perches on Bruiser's feet until...

WRETCHED (CONT) (VO)  
 (muffled)  
 You mess up one more time, Chihuahua-  
 brain, and you're on your way to  
 the pound!! Understand?

BRUISER (VO)  
 (muffled BARKS of agreement)

The startled Seagull flies off as the beach heaves and quivers.

WIPE TO:

EXT. BEHIND LIFEGUARD SHACK - DAY

Like Wyle E. Coyote readying himself to chase the Roadrunner, Bruiser contemplates his assembled equipment: A motorized hang-glider, two large skyrockets and a pot of glue.

BRUISER (CONT)  
 (CHUCKLES smugly)

NEW ANGLE

He straps himself into the hang-glider, picks up the two skyrockets and dabs a heavy coat of glue on one side of each. Then, he grabs the rope starter in his teeth and gives it a pull. The engine ROARS to life.

WIDER

Bruiser runs across the sand, picking up speed, then takes off.

EXT. THE OCEAN

Slimer and Fred sit on their surfboard, waiting for a wave. We hear the SOUND OF AN ENGINE. Slimer and Fred look up and REACT.

SLIMER  
 Here comes Bruiser!

HEAD ON - BRUISER

He GROWLS menacingly as he skims over the waves, brandishing the skyrockets, fuses SIZZLING.

BRUISER  
(GROWLS)

ON SLIMER AND FRED

Paddling frantically to get the hell out of there.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bruiser swoops low INTO SHOT, overtaking them. He SLAPS the lit skyrockets on the back of their surfboard, then SOARS UP OUT OF SHOT.

CLOSE ON SKYROCKETS

They ignite.

ON SLIMER AND FRED

The board takes off like a launched missile, leaving the hovering Slimer behind.

FRED  
(frightened BARKS as he goes)

SLIMER  
(alarmed)

Fred!

ON SURFBOARD - FOLLOWING

Fred clings to the board for dear life as it soars upward.

OTS SHOT - BRUISER

He watches the surfboard ascend and CHUCKLES.

BRUISER  
(LAUGHS)

Below, we see Slimer streak after the surfboard.

ON SURFBOARD

It's accelerating, and Fred's features are blown back from the force of the wind.

FRED  
(WHIMPERS)

NEW ANGLE - FOLLOWING

Slimer edges INTO SHOT, straining to catch up. He overtakes the board, grabs Fred...

SLIMER

Gotcha, Fred!

...then with a swing of his hip, he bumps the board around so that it's facing back the way it came.

CLOSER ANGLE

Slimer holds onto Fred, who clings to him fiercely.

SLIMER (CONT)

You okay?

Fred nods and licks Slimer's nose. Slimer smiles and licks Fred's entire face, sliming him.

ON BRUISER - MOVING

He glares as Slimer floats Fred back to the beach, then REACTS at something o.s.

BRUISER

(panicky BARK)

BRUISER'S POV - MOVING

As the rocket-powered surfboard ROARS INTO CAMERA.

ON BRUISER - MOVING

He banks, trying to avoid the rocket-powered surfboard, but it nails the hang-glider. Instantly, Bruiser appears, "surfing" on the board as it climbs higher. He REACTS, frightened.

BRUISER (CONT)

(AD-LIB "YELL")

WIDER ANGLE

From a distance, we see Bruiser ascend, "punching holes" through the clouds.

BRUISER (CONT)

(distant BARKS)

EXT. LIFEGUARD SHACK

Wretched has a huge lunch spread out in front of her: Sandwiches, a whole chicken, cake, cookies, etc. She reaches for a sandwich when we hear a BOMB WHISTLE. She grabs her binoculars and looks up.

WRETCHED'S POV

Bruiser, straddling the rocket-propelled surfboard, is heading straight INTO CAMERA.

WRETCHED (VO)

Ahhhhh!!!

ON GUARD TOWER

As Bruiser swoops, crashes into the tower, then re-emerges from other side with Wretched clinging to the board. The food flies straight up into the air and sails o.s.

ON SURFBOARD

It recedes AWAY FROM CAMERA and out to sea, skipping across the water like a flat stone.

ON SLIMER AND FRIENDS

Slimer, Fred and Bud sit on Slimer's spread-out blanket. Suddenly, Wretched' lunch flies INTO SHOT and lands on the blanket, neatly arranged.

SLIMER

FOOD!!!

BUD

Radical!

They all "dive in."

ON SURFBOARD - FOLLOWING

The rockets FIZZLE to a stop and the board lies dead in the water. Wretched glares at Bruiser. He smiles.

WRETCHED

Way to go, bone-breath! Now, how're we gonna get back to the beach? Huh?

Suddenly, the Shark surfaces, jaws opened wide, right next to them. Annoyed, Wretched turns and BLOWS her WHISTLE at the "interruption."

ON SHARK

The deafening sound pushes the Shark back under the water.

ON WRETCHED AND BRUISER

WRETCHED (CONT)

In all my years as a lifeguard, I've never...

Suddenly, the furious Shark surfaces with a ROAR and bites the surfboard in half, knocking Bruiser and Wretched into the water.

WIDER

They swim frantically toward the horizon, the Shark SNAPPING "at their heels."

WRETCHED & BRUISER  
(diminishing SCREAMS)

EXT. THE BEACH

Slimer, Bud and Fred are finishing their feast.

SLIMER  
Great day at the beach!

Fred nods, then REACTS to something o.s. He points, unable to make a sound.

ZIP PAN TO a shark fin, visible above a sand dune a short distance away.

ON SLIMER AND FRIENDS

As they cling together.

ON SHARK

It rises higher above the dune revealing: It's an inflatable plastic shark, perched atop the head of a YOUNG CHILD.

ON SLIMER, BUD AND FRED

They all SIGH in relief.

ALL  
(relieved SIGH)

FADE OUT.

THE END